Of all his glory, when he was ſeated in
A Chariot of an ineſtimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heaven came and ſhriveld
Vp thoſe bodies even to loathing, for they ſo ſtunke,
That all thoſe eyes addor'd them ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand ſhould give them buriall.
Eſcanes. It was very ſtrange.
Hell. And yet but juſtice; for though this King were great,
His greatneſſe was no guard to barre heavens ſhaft:
By ſinne had his reward.
Eſcan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or counſell, hath reſpect with him but he.
2. *Lord.* It ſhall no longer greeve without reproofe.
3. *Lord.* And curſt be he that will not ſecond it.
1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.
Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.
1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are riſen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their bankes.
Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you love.
1. *Lord.* Wrong not your ſelfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince doe live, let us ſalute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he live, wee'l ſeeke him out:
If in his grave he reſt, wee'l finde him there,
And be reſolv'd, he lives to governe us:
Or dead, give's cauſe to morne his Funerall,
And leave us to our free Election.
2 *Lord.* Whoſe death indeed: the ſtrongeſt in our cenſure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble ſelfe,
That beſt knowes how to rule and how to raigne,
We thus ſubmit unto our Soveraigne.

Omnes.

Omnes. Live noble *Hell*
Hell. Try honours cauſe
If that you love Prince *Per*
(Take I your wiſh, I leape
Where's hourely trouble,
A twelve-moneth longer,
To forbeare the abſence of
If in which time expirde,
I ſhall with aged patience
But if I cannot win you to
Goe ſearch like Nobles, lik
And in your ſearch, ſpend y
Whom if you finde, and wi
You ſhall like Diamonds ſit
1. *Lord.* To wiſedome, h
And ſince Lord *Hellican* en
We with our travels will e
Hell. Then you love us,
When Peeres thus knit, a K

Enter the King rea
and the K

1. *Knight.* Good morrow
King. Knights, from my d
That for this twelve-mont
A married life: her reaſon
Which from her by no mea
2. *Knight* May we not ge
King. Faith by no mean
Tyed her to her Chamber,
One twelve Moones more
This by the eye of *Cinthia*
And on her Virgin honour
3. *Knight.* Loth to bid fa
King. So, they are well
Now to my daughters Lett
Shee'l wed the ſtronger Kn

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k